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**CHARLTON**  
COMICS  
JUNE 1967

*Struzik*  
The *all new*  
**FLINTSTONES**

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

NO. 17  
SEPT.  
CDC

ONLY  
20¢

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES  
Production



RAY  
DIRGO

1967

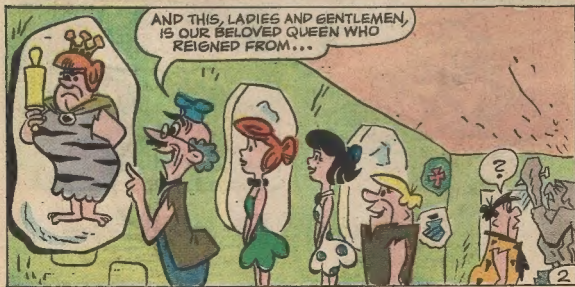
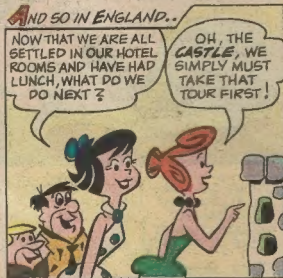
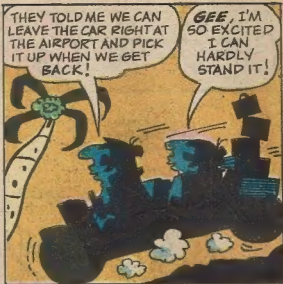
# The FLINTSTONES in SPINNING



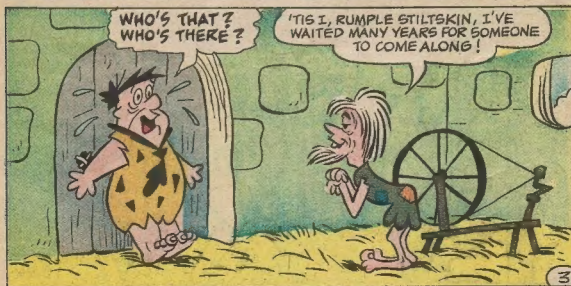
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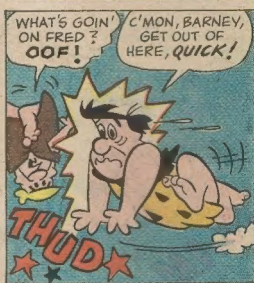
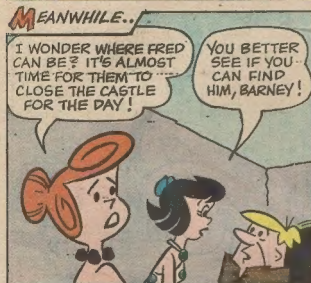
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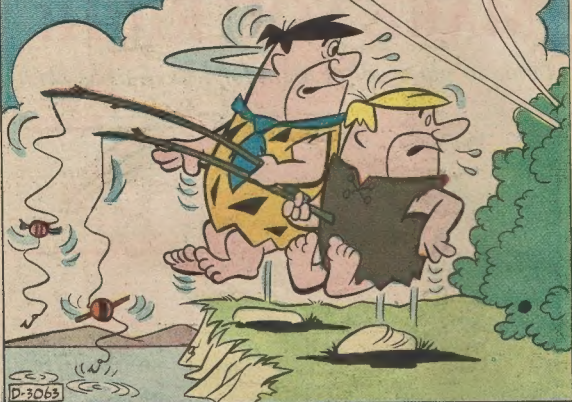




# THE FLINTSTONES in *for DEPOSIT only*

WE'RE GOING TO ROB THE  
BEDROCK BANK. NOW HERE'S THE  
PLAN....BZZZ....BZZZ..BZZZ

IT SOUNDS GREAT,  
SABERTOOTH.



DID YOU HEAR  
WHAT I HEARD,  
FRED?

YUP, I HEARD WHAT  
YOU HEARD, BARNEY.

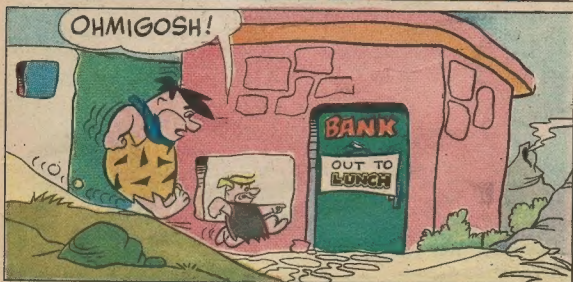


LET'S SNEAK  
UP AND GET  
A LOOK AT  
THEM.

BETTER STILL—LET'S RUN  
AND TELL THE  
SHERIFF!

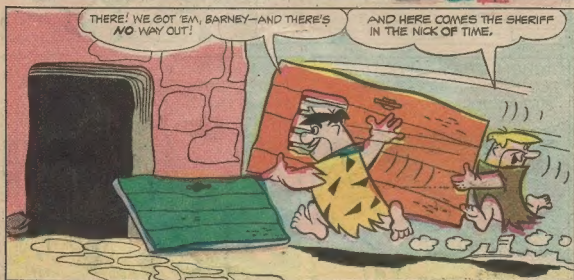
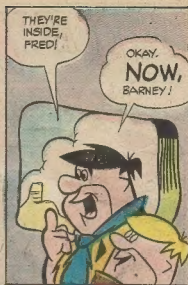






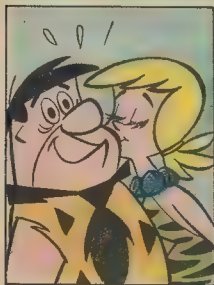
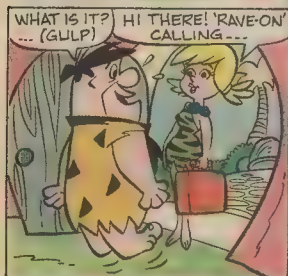






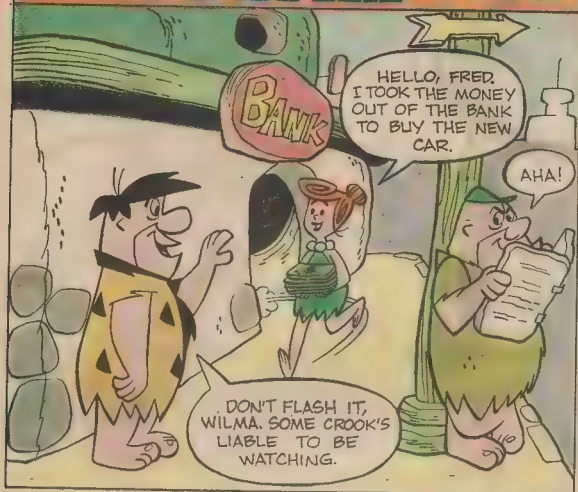
# THE FLINTSTONES "NO SALE"







# THE FLINTSTONES DREAM CAR



D-2872



STICK 'EM UP. YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!

KEEP  
COOL,  
WILMA!

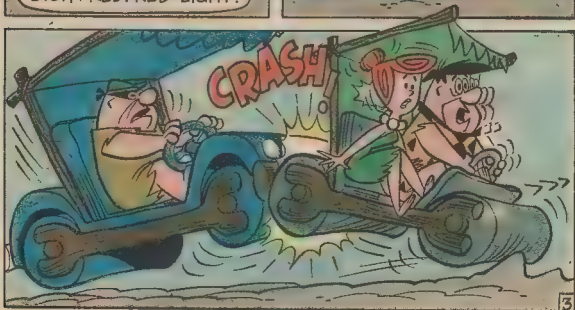
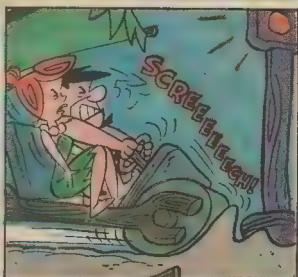
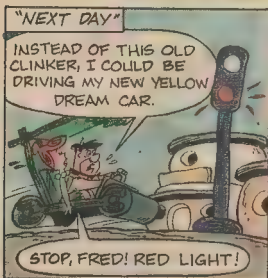
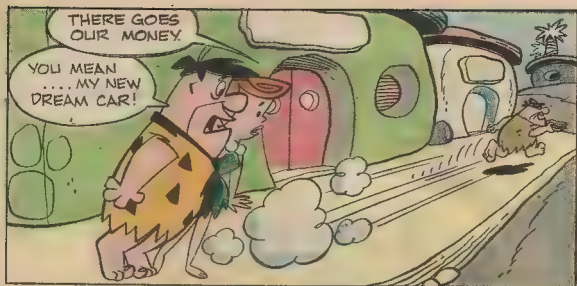
COME ON, MISTER, I SAID, YOUR  
MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

DON'T RUSH ME!

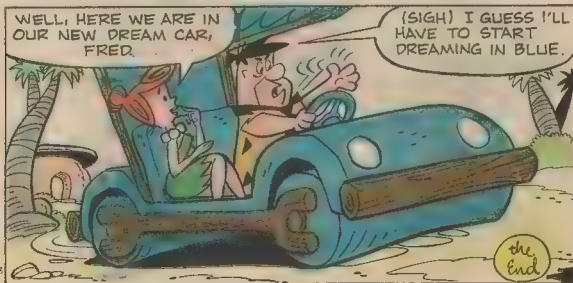
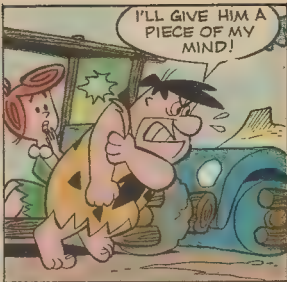
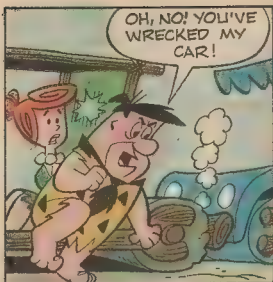
WELL? I'M THINKING! I'M THINKING!

OH, GIVE IT TO HIM, FRED. IF HE  
SHOOTS US, HE'LL TAKE IT ANYWAY!

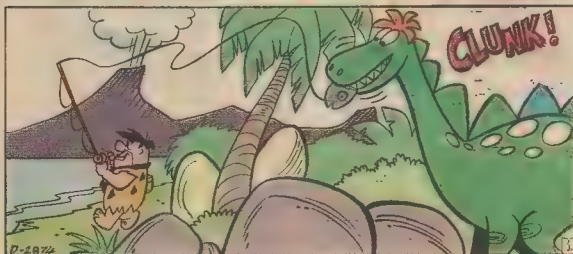
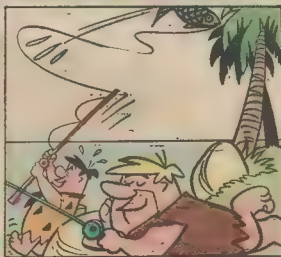
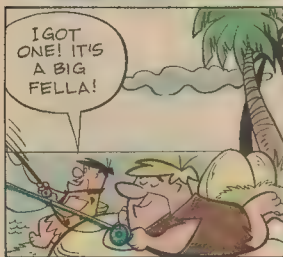
SMART THINKING, WILMA.  
OKAY. HERE IT IS (SOB!).

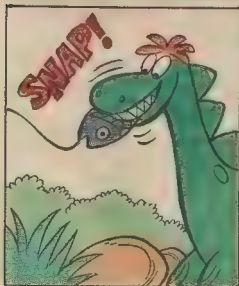
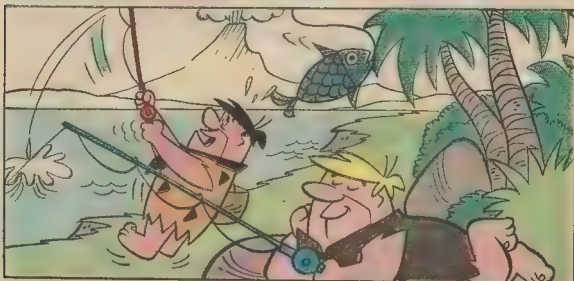




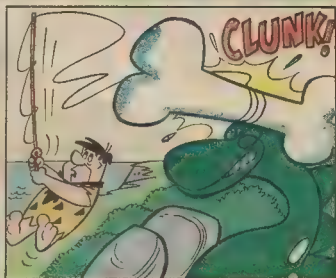


# THE FLINTSTONES "BIG FISH STORY"











# BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!



For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

And rest assured that at least once a term you do find such a student in your class. So meet Richard Hartway. Brilliant kid. And he was determined to "show me up."

"We have to study important dates in history," he began. "And keep them in our memory. Surely you know what happened in 216 B.C. A very important event. Could you please tell us about it?"

I deliberately hesitated for two or three minutes, as though I was trying to search my mind for the correct answer. And then with a big smile on my face I told him the following:

"In 216 B.C., largely owing to the blunders of the Consul Varro, the Roman army was practically annihilated by Hannibal at Cannae. Yet because after the defeat, Varro had done everything possible to check the spread of the disaster, and had clearly striven according to the best of his ability, the Romans refused to rebuke him. If you doubt what I said is correct, then you can check me in my reference. Which is Livy, "History", Book 32, chapter 61."

One look at his face and the entire class knew that I had given the right answer. Furthermore they sensed that Richard Hartway had tried to trick me. That class liked me very much. I had agreed to coach them in handball.

In the afternoon that pupil told me he was sorry. He had looked it up and wanted to fool me. Said that I taught him a good lesson. I couldn't tell him the secret. He had told his father what he was going to do. After he looked up the information. Later that very night, his father took the phone book. Found my number and then called me. Told me his son's plans - and gave me the data. Said it was time his son had a good lesson!

In the afternoon we had "free time" for half an hour. Up to the pupils to choose the activity or topic. They decided to talk about sports and games. Daniel got up before the class and told them this:

"The pitcher is at the end of the triangle. He is holding a football in his left hand. He throws it up to the sky. A parachute then opens. The ball floats down to the playing field. An outfield and a right tackle run for it. There is a man on the 26th base and one on the 55th base. Running interference is the guard on his motorcycle. Which one of the nine teams will win this game? Millions of people are cheering?"

"Wait a minute," shouted Paul Kimmely as he got up from his seat. "What is the name of that game? Where did they play it?"

"I don't know the name of it," grinned Daniel. "I just made it up from my mind. We can give it a name. Exciting game, isn't it?"

Once a month we had pet day. This was the brain storm of our principal. He felt every student should have a pet. It would tend to bring out the good qualities in the child such as kindness and affection. He came to my room while they were talking about their pets.

"I got a baby turtle," explained Marsha. "But it used to get out of the tank and crawl around the room. I would have to get down on my hands and knees. But now the turtle is very good. And always obeys me. I scared my turtle. Told him that if he wasn't good I would make mock turtle soup out of him."

"But mock turtle soup isn't made with turtles," corrected the principal. That is why they have the word mock in it on the can."

"Gee, don't tell that to my turtle," pleaded Marsha. "He thinks turtle soup is made with turtles."

"I have decided to call my dog Hypocrite," said Frank. "He really isn't a nice dog. He really hates people. But he always acts friendly to all people. Even strangers. So that everybody likes him very much."

"How do you know he is a hypocrite," asked the principal.

"My dog can't talk but he can write," said Frank. "So he wrote me a letter."

Next time, more about what happens in my class in our school.

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# The FLINTSTONES The GOOD DEED

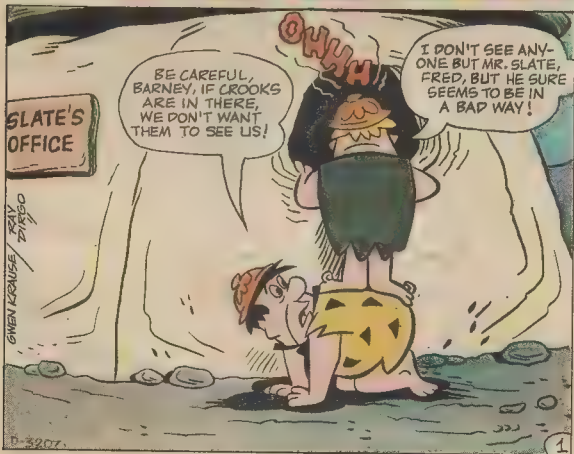
WELL, HERE WE GO,  
BARNEY, ANOTHER  
DAY, ANOTHER  
DOLLAR!

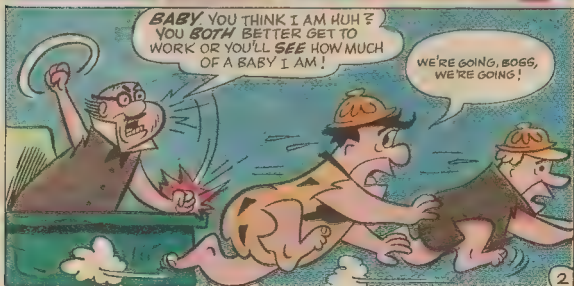
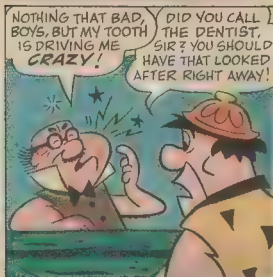
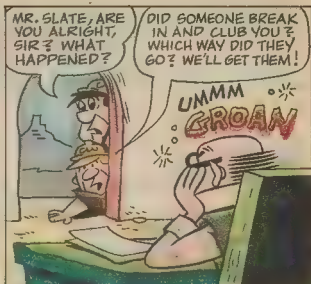
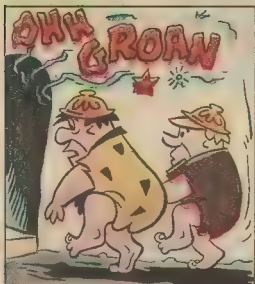
HEH HEH  
YOU MEAN  
ANOTHER DAY,  
ANOTHER DIME  
DON'T YOU, FRED?

HEY, FRED, DO  
YOU HEAR  
SOMETHING?

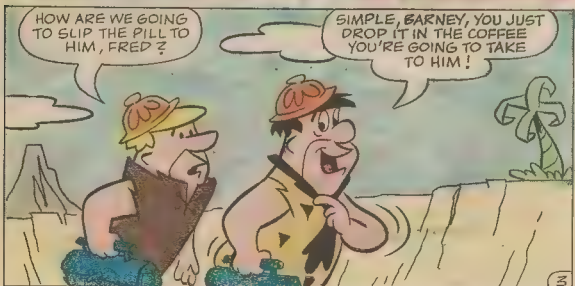
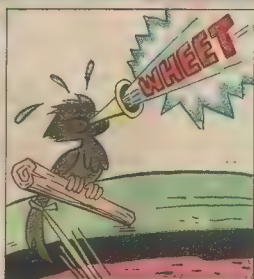
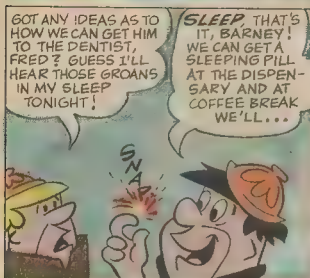
YEAH, BARNEY,  
IT SOUNDS LIKE  
SOMEONE GROANIN'!  
SEEMS TO BE  
COMING FROM MR.  
SLATE'S OFFICE!

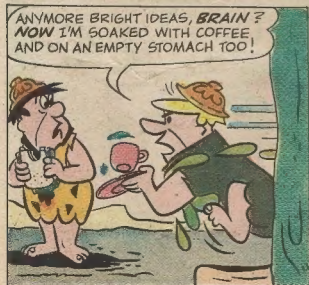
GROAN MOAN

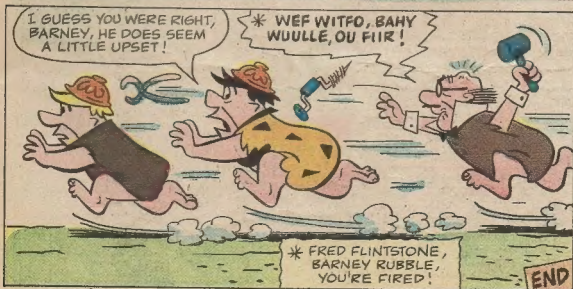
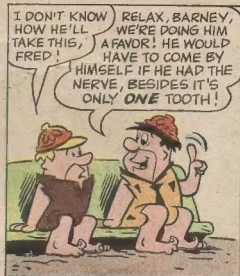
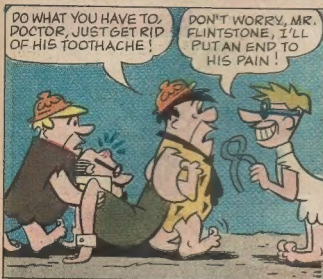
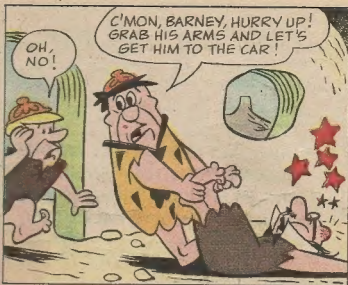






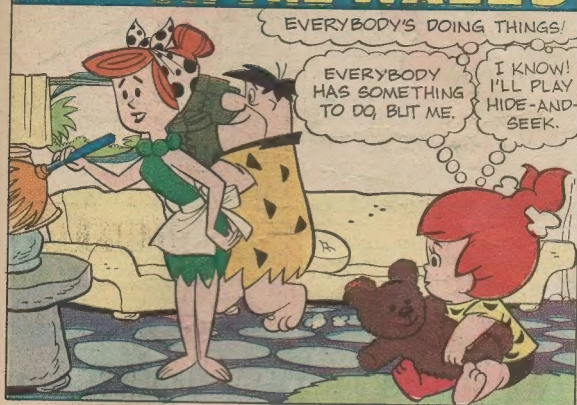






THE  
FLINTSTONES

# "DON'T WRITE ON THE WALLS"



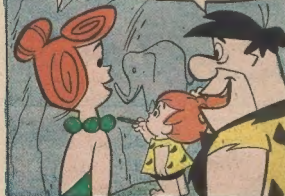


I THINK I'LL AMUSE MYSELF BY  
DRAWING PICTURES ON THE  
WALLS.



SO HERE  
YOU ARE!

WILMA, LOOK AT  
THE DRAWINGS  
PEBBLES MADE!

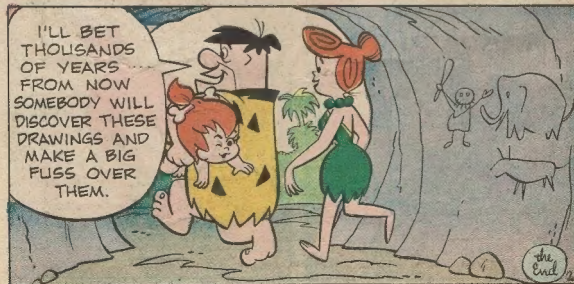


THEY'RE  
INTERESTING!

BUT SO CHILDISH.  
THEY DON'T  
MAKE SENSE.



I'LL BET  
THOUSANDS  
OF YEARS  
FROM NOW  
SOMEBODY WILL  
DISCOVER THESE  
DRAWINGS AND  
MAKE A BIG  
FUSS OVER  
THEM.



the  
End